

THE
Oxford Sermon

VERSIFIED.

Dedicated to the
Rev^d. JOSEPH BETTT, M. A.

By JACOB GINGLE, Esq;

THE THIRD EDITION.

*But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For fools are known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes:
Hence 'tis that 'cause y'ave gain'd o' th' College,
A Quarter Share (at most) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute
To Judge, and Censure, and Controul,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to;
You'll find the Thing will not be done
With Ignorance and Face alone.*

HUDIBRAS.

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[Price Six Pence.]

To the REVEREND

JOSEPH BETTY, M. A.

FELLOW of *Exeter College* in
OXFORD.

S I R,

YOUR excellent sermon (preach'd before the UNIVERSITY of *Oxford*;) having been much read and admir'd here at *London*; curiosity prompted me to purchase and peruse it. But how vast was my wonder, and how excessive my joy, upon reading it, may easier be understood than express'd! What a true spirit of heavenly meekness, christian charity, divine patience, and evangelical resignation, runs through the whole! How soft, how easy, how gentle, are the breathings of the apostolic doctrine from your lips! how sweetly, and yet how pathetically, do you pour forth your complaints of the too precipitate rashness of some of those who dissent from you; and, who having done their utmost to turn the rest of the world upside down, are endeavouring to do the same here also! How mildly do you condescend to reason, and expostulate our cause with

Hereticks and Schismatics ! and in how kind and friendly a manner do you invite them to your communion, whilst others either employ the terrors of the church to affright them, or her whips and scorpions to force them to compliance ! How dull and languid are the works of all our antient fathers, and modern sons of the church, of every denomination, in comparison of you ! and how plain and easy a road have you chalk'd us out to the heavenly *Jerusalem*, which they never so much as dreamt of. * God is to be found at this very day, as he was in *Elijah's* time, not in the earthquake of pulpit-thwacking and cushion-dusting, nor in the hurricane of noise and bluster, nor yet in the fire of rage and persecution ; but in the small still voice of sound sense and calm reasoning : this you have observ'd so strictly, and adher'd to so religiously, throughout your whole admirable discourse, that I may venture at once to declare, that none of your predecessors have arriv'd to your pitch of perfection ; and to prophesy, that all your successors will be but faint copiers after so bright an original. Virtue herself is render'd more amiable by the dress you have bestow'd upon her ; and the unerring rules of strict justice and morality receive an additional force from your doctrine. In short, I was seiz'd with such raptures of joy, that I could not forbear saying, Blessed be the womb of *Oxford*, the *Alma Mater*, that brought forth parson *Betty*, and the breasts of *Exon* college, which gave him suck ! One half of his wondrous wisdom was not told me ! What a loss would this nation suffer, and posterity have reason to lament, should not this soul-saving piece be universally

* An Allusion to 1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

known and read! And really, I think, Mother Oxford herself may justly cry out with that other old woman, *Lemuel's mother*, in the *Proverbs*, *Many of my daughters have done gloriously, but BETTY excelleth them all.*

PURSUANT to these ejaculations, I immediately meditated means to promote the sale of your sermon, partly out of a profound veneration for your self, but chiefly for the publick good, which every honest patriot ought to have most at heart. And as I am, by divine permission, metre-monger in ordinary to the two great and populous cities of *London* and *Westminster*; (and the worthy and judicious fraternity of Booksellers and Hawkers having assured me, that my lays are in no small vogue at home, famous abroad, and likely to survive me) I did, after mature deliberation, undertake to tag your matchless work with my tuneful and immortal rhimes; not doubting but, by Heaven's blessing, they may serve as a proper vehicle to convey your strong sense and sound reason to all the world of *English* readers——but especially the more abandon'd sort, who alas! are still strangers to true religion, and read fifty loose plays, idle poems, and impertinent romances, for one Godly sermon or essay. Thus as *Herbert*, of pious memory, sings;

A verse shall find him who a sermon flies.

I CAN assure you, I heartily detest and abhor the mean fawning, the base cringing, and servile adulation of the greatest part of our modern addressors; and though I cannot give you my *verbum sacerdotis*, in confirmation of what I am about to advance; Yet I protest, upon the faith of an honest christian of the lay-herd,

herd, that I have neither directly nor indirectly made the least attempt to flatter you throughout this whole dedication, notwithstanding you are master of such excellencies as might tempt me to be lavish of my rhetorick on so bright an occasion. I should be exceeding proud of the honour of your correspondence, and should own it as a peculiar obligation, if, when at any time hereafter you design to surprize the world with any of your inimitable productions, especially upon sacred subjects, you would condescend to trust me with a manuscript copy thereof, which I would not fail immediately to verisfy, that so you may neither lose any part of your deserv'd honour, nor the world be depriv'd of the least benefit acrewing from your admirable lucubrations.

AND, now to conclude. I declare in the sincerity of my heart, that, while I make you this promise, I have not the least personal interest in view; having, in reality, no more to expect from all or any of the three divinely instituted orders of *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*, for this my pious zeal, than I have hitherto had of printers, booksellers and hawkers, for my poetry; or may hope to receive from you for this my dedication.

I am S I R,

your profess'd admirer

4 AP 62

Decem. 19.

and most devoted

1729.

humble servant,

JACOB GINGLE.

THE

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INTRODUCTION.

AS Burges, first, his sermon made,
 Then clapt a text upon it's head;
 Mayn't I, d'ye think, learn'd firs, do worse
 Than take just such another course,
 By way of motto to the speech,
 Which, by these presents, I'm to preach?
 Agreed. Then, tho' for form-sake one
 Is nam'd, which ye may look upon,
 Mind it no more than if it were
 In Rabelais, or Gulliver:
 For, scorning the low vulgar foible
 Of keeping close to text or bible,
 And, free from gospel ceremony,
 I come at once slap-dash upon ye,
 With all the furious zeal and rage,
 Becoming priest, and pulpit-stage,
 And all the rhet'rick that befits
 A sermon to Oxonian wits,
 Who not so much in sense delight,
 As in what's wonderful and bright;
 And, rather than be caught by reason,
 Would suck in Popery and treason.

S E R.



S E R M O N.

TH O' dame religion's such a beauty,
 As might engage the world to duty ;
 Tho' rational in all she says,
 And full of pleasure all her ways ;
 Worthy of Heaven, and human nature,
 An ornament to every creature ;
 A thing that, by eternal law,
 Claims love, obedience, and awe !
 Yet, let me tell you, all her ties,
 Her boasted charms, and mysteries,
 Were vain, precarious, and a jest,
 Without th' appointment of a priest ;
 An heav'n commission'd spiritual squire,
 Employ'd to let her out for hire ;
 Display her excellence and fame,
 And give a sanction to her name ;
 Without his aid, she might complain
 That she was beautiful in vain ;
 That she had nothing of temptation,
 No power, nor skill to raise a passion.
 'Tis true, a voluntary choice
 might recommend her tuneful voice,

And

And a discretionary power,
 (Ye know my meaning to be sure)
 Her doctrines would perhaps enforce—
 But what are these? an hobby-horse!
 A bauble!—for the priest is all!
 Obedience waits his ghostly call;
 And, but for his authority,
 It's absolute necessity,
 Strange! would entirely cancell'd be
 Moreover, men are such sad creatures,
 That, in their corrupt wicked natures,
 The christian precepts, such as are
 Harsh, jarring, rigid, and severe,
 Rightly to be embrac'd would find
 Alas! too treacherous a friend!
 Nay, even the gentler, easy sort
 Which have some favour of the court,
 Tho' much applauded, and display'd,
 Without him, would not be obey'd!
 And truth it self, the choicest blessing,
 Would be receiv'd with scorn, and hissing.

Tho' what I've said, as I conceive,
 Is what you know, sirs, and believe;
 Yet still to make the case more plain,
 And greater credit to obtain,
 Mark well the following observation,
 Rais'd, like the rest, on sure foundation,
 And most familiar to the nation.
 'Tis this. The noblest admonitions
 Advices, counsels, and conditions,
 Are commonly deem'd out of season,
 False, trifling, and next door to treason,
 Unless by some sage persons given,
 Who have a patent for't from Heaven:
 Tho' truths themselves important be,
 They're therefore often scorn'd, and he
 Who has the saucy impudence,
 Without such warrant, to dispence

And propagate them, often gains
 Arrears of penalties and pains;
 Nor undeserv'dly is he treated,
 For what officiously he prated.

But what if rascally pretenders,
 Who set up here for moral-menders,
 Presumptuously arrogating
 A claim, most justly meet a beating;
 Tho' they to whom the laws divine
 Have never giv'n a right to whine,
 And human power can never grant
 A licence to disperse their cant,
 Are often punish'd for their folly —
 Should it fare thus with priests more holy?
 Must therefore venerable sages,
 Instructed in the sacred pages,
 Who boast an uncontested right,
 An outward show, an inward light,
 A legal power to preach, and pray,
 Reprove, exhort, direct, and sway,
 Must these be serv'd like t'other fellows,
 Whose impudence deserves the gallows?
 Shall these like them, alas! be treated?
 Like them successless and ill fated?
 Expos'd to scorn, and sad disgrace,
 Suffer contempt, and dire distress?
 Must they, assur'dly God's anointed,
 Most orthodox, and heaven-appointed,
 In this capricious, witty, loose age,
 Expect, alas! no better usage,
 From malice, humour, rage, and fury,
 Of *Arrians*, *Atheists*? I assure ye!
 Shall *Deists*, *Libertines*, *Socinians*,
Jews, *Quakers*, *Calvinists*, *Arminians*,
 Open their mouths, and shew their head,
 And give lord bishops fear and dread?
 Ah! must we, well dubb'd, lawful parsons,
 Be lookt on like th' aforesaid whorefons?

For

For shame, let not the tale be told,
 From *Rome* the fatal news with-hold.
 All this is sad, and we may say
 Alack! alack! and well-a-day.
 But still some queries more remain;
 Were there no cause I'd not complain.

Must we to whom all power is given,
 The knights and burgeses of heaven,
 Hail-fellows with our lord, and master,
 Be subject to the least disaster?
 Whose high authority and power,
 'Bove angels and archangels soar?
 Must we, even we, such rubs receive,
 'Spite of our just prerogative?
 Be rank'd with every dull mechanick,
 As idols rais'd by fancy's panick.
 And deem'd our origine to owe
 To superstition? must we bow
 To servile, slavish, silly creatures,
 In spite of our superior natures?
 Altho' we're higher than the steeple,
 To that imagin'd lord, the people?

If infidelity, and vice,
 Things wherein libertines rejoice!
 To which *Erastus* lent his hand,
 Should, like a deluge, drown the land:
 If all distinctions are confounded,
 Nor sacred things from civil bounded;
 If levelling of all degrees,
 And orders, now prevails with ease;
 If harmless lambs by wolves are worried,
 And under vile detraction buried;
 If the dread ministers of his word,
 The messengers from their high lord,
 Stewards of mysteries profound,
 And angels of the church renown'd,
 In God's right hand the blazing stars,
 Heaven's premier embassadors,

We priests, and preachers (for the same
 We be, tho' *alias* is our name)
 If we, I say, must be defam'd,
 And for some dirty actions blam'd,
Exempli gratiâ, for deceiving,
 A world too easy in believing,
 And, to support our spiritual pride,
 A silly, empty crowd misguide;
 Establish tyranny and pain,
 For sake of earthly power and gain;
 And, while they groan in yolk of bondage,
 Make all our cullies pay us poundage:
 If this, all this, and ten times more
 Be what we parsons must deplore;
 If we, who at the altar wait,
 Are doom'd to this unhappy state;
 Then now's the season, I assure ye,
 To vindicate our pow'r with fury;
 And, with all rhet'rick, force, and art,
 Our just authority assert,
 Our mission clear, our office heighten,
 And all dissenting rebels frighten:
 For what, yea what, d'ye think indeed,
 Boots our devotion, and our creed?
 How mean were a commission given,
 Which came not piping hot from Heaven?

Three things demonstrated shall be
 As clear, and plain as A, B, C,
 To every one who thinks like me.

That the high Lord of Heaven, and earth,
 Gave ministers their spiritual birth;
 And power to act as mediators,
 Between himself and sinful creatures.

That opposition to their calling,
 Is wicked, heterodox caballing.

That all man's artifice would fail,
 And no pretence with Heaven prevail

To pardon those, who thus would nobse us,
And still impenitent oppose us.

Lastly, from doctrines prov'd so good,
With proper inferences conclude.

As to the first, there is no need
To prove, what ye believe indeed,
That from the world's beginning down,
Priests have in every land been known,
Where reason's sacred light was spread,
Or learning rais'd it's reverend head.
I shall not mention here, by name,
The Brahmins, Magi, great in fame,
The Chaldees, Druids, and the crowd
Of priests, to whom the people bow'd,
In early times: and 'twere a folly
T' observe that all these persons holy,
Not more in a religious sense,
Than national, made a pretence
To mediate causes, more or less,
'Twixt God and man, with sure success.
Who knows not that the reverend sages,
In those far distant, early ages,
Were busied just as we are now,
Telling what's what, and how is how,
What folks should do, what leave undone,
When God is angry, and how won?
In short, that 'twas their proper right
T' exhibit every sacred rite,
And ceremony, which, even then,
Might have been pointed out to men
By nature's light, and founded on
Th' original foundation stone.

But for us christians, who, God wot,
From Heaven a revelation got,
We know (if scripture is believ'd
As much as histories are receiv'd,)
That true religion never wanted
It's ministers, and priests, who haunted

The

The holy places, from the ages
Of good old patriarchal sages.

Before the law, 'twas the first-born
That did the priest-hood long adorn;
As Jews and christian fathers tell,
And others too, who wrote as well.
Now these, to that high station mounted,
In families were most accounted;
As kings and priests, at once, they shone——
(Who wishes not their state his own?)
'Tis therefore manifest, and plain,
That high and mighty was their reign;
And priesthood such a noble thing,
That none became it but a king.

But whether this be true or no,
Is more than we *Oxonians* know.
We're certain it was ne'er disputed.
That th' office has been executed,
To better purpose, some may say,
Than 'tis perhaps in this our day.
That all it's threats, and imprecations,
Were neither look'd on, by the nations,
As idle niceties, or dreams,
Nor it's just censures as flim-flams;
As without doubt we may collect
From *Abraham*, and *Abimelech*;
From *Noah's* giving *Shem* the blessing,
And *Canaan* with a curse assessing:
From *Isaac's* favour to *Jacob*,
And eke from him to all the mob
Of his twelve sons, when just a dying,
And they around his couch a crying.
For what tho' one may bless another,
And pray for favours to his brother;
Yet solemnly to do the thing,
Belongs but to the priest and king,
Whose high commission from above,
Can only strong, and valid prove.

Now

Now that these blessings, and these curses,
 Bear with them ministerial forces;
 And must as such consider'd be,
 Is evident, at least to me:
 Because when once they were dispens'd,
 That moment their effects commenc'd;
 And, were they ne'er so bad, or good,
 Unalterable still they stood,
 In spite even of the speaker's blood

But, in these dark, and distant days,
 Religion shot forth feeble rays;
 It's ministry but scanty was,
 For all I've offer'd in its cause.
 Let's leave it for a field more bright,
 Brought by our lord himself to light;
 Omit *Levitic* laws, and skip
 O'er every sure, but latent, type;
 Each opening prophecy, and riddle,
 From *Moses's* horns, to *David's* fiddle,
 And thence, down to the very hour,
 That christian parsons got the power
 To found a church, for men to enter,
 Or life and soul for ever venture.

On sacred oracles 'tis ground'd,
 That this same church at first was founded
 In synagogues of *Galilee*;
 Where crowds resorted thick to see,
 And wonder, praise, and glorify;
 'Twas then, and there, our lord began
 To shew that he was more than man,
 By undertaking works so odd,
 And difficult for all but God;
 Reclaiming worlds of wicked folk,
 And putting on their necks his yolk.
 Then out of those who did submit,
 He chose such men as he thought fit,
 To propagate the faith, and win
 A graceless world to take it in:

Apostles

Apostles those he nam'd a word,
 Almost as big as spiritual lord !
 And to them full commission gave,
 To pray, and preach, and sink, and save ;
 But more to make the art look great
 First fasts, and then does consecrate,
 In terms which plainly make't appear
 What priests can do, and what they are,
 By virtue of this high commission,
 Envy'd by men of mean condition,
 Th' apostles were at first appointed,
 And own'd, at once, the lord's anointed :
 Each got a stock of grace inherent,
 And power, to act as God's vicegerent ;
 Which afterwards, when they set out,
 Among young priests they dealt about ;
 And, so proceeding one by one,
 Built on the first foundation stone,
 Such doctrines uniform, and made
 Such vast improvments in the trade,
 That converts, churches, elders, laws,
 And canons to secure the cause,
 Bishops, and forms, and ceremony,
 Were daily made, and popt upon ye.
 A thousand things they did, and said,
 Ne'er learnt, or slipt out of my head :
 But one I still remember well,
 On which, for ages, I could dwell ;
 And that is, lastly, how they left
 A pow'r, of which we're not bereft,
 Even at this day, to name, ordain,
 And consecrate folks to explain,
 And eke adorn their lord's great will,
 And his last legacy fulfil :
 But, all the while, to have an eye,
 Lest thieves and robbers cunningly
 Should, in at windows, steal, or creep
 Into the church, and seize the sheep ;

For which, with caution, 'twas provided,
 That matters should so well be guided,
 That parsons in subordination,
 Be fix'd for churches preservation,
 Successively to rule the roast,
 And so to use the Holy Ghost,
 From time to time, both here, and there,
 And up and down, and every where,
 As best the common cause should fit,
 And help to heav'n good members by't.

Now, let our adversaries learn,
 Unless to stupid, to discern,
 And be convinc'd that 'tis from hence
 We had our pow'r, and, in true sense,
 Th' unbroken, tho' long-lin'd succession,
 We boast in right of our commission.
 Nay, ev'n if this should be deny'd,
 I'd have dissenters satisfy'd,
 That this same individual gospel,
 This priesthood's what, at first, to us fell;
 And was establish'd by the sages,
 In faultless apostolic ages.
 For had our sacred institution
 Receiv'd the very last pollution;
 Had it been diff'rent, or bran-new,
 We must have known, and heard on't too;
 We had not sure been left i' th' lurch,
 By every council, every church,
 Synod, assembly, convocation,
 Of every convert christian nation:
 Then, since they're silent in the matter,
 No demonstration can be greater,
 Than that our church of *England* orders,
 In number three, come near the borders
 Of th' institution, and its tossels,
 Left by our lord, and his apostles,
 Nay that they're actually the same,
 And we drive just their gospel-game:

The truth of this, so plain to all,
Must with the bible stand or fall :
The arguments which prove the one,
Prove t'other too, as sure's a gun.

What tho' the terms in common speaking
(I mean of bishop, priest, and deacon,)
Our orders three ecclesiastic,
Are ev'n confess'd to be elastic?
Tho' they will stretch, and may be us'd
Promiscuous—must they be abus'd?
Thence does it follow they're the same,
Tho' often passing by one name?
Saint *Jerom's* self, their patron high,
That leveller of antiquity,
That sullen father owns *non est*
Ecclesia, that has in't no priest;
And that which, in the temple, *Aar-*
on, and his sons, and Levites were,
Bishops, priests, deacons, to this day,
Vendicent in ecclesiâ.

Yea, last of all, he does declare
That bishops will be, were, and are,
Apostolorum successores,
In spite of all detracting stories.

But critically, what need I,
An orator, thus mounted high,
This fruitful point, learn'd sirs, pursue,
Before believers, such as you?
But, to show I'm a clever spark,
I'll only add one sure remark,
Videlicet, that what I've said
Is own'd by all that wear a head,
Where'er they live, howe'er they clash,
(Tho' all their notions are meer trash)
Whether in *Scotland*, *Russia*, *Rome*,
By force of native truth — o'ercome.

Agreeably to what I preach,
Did orthodox *Ignatius* teach;

For he, from Christ himself, the spring,
 Episcopacy's stream did bring.
 This holy saint, in fact, compares
 The bishop, with his presbyters,
 To Christ among th' apostles sitting,
 Lord president of their full meeting :
 And earnestly ev'n makes a leg,
 To pray, and importune, and beg
 The Trallians, Smyrneans, and Magnesians,
 The Philadelphians, and Ephesians,
Id est, all those, to whom he writes,
 Better to use their little wits,
 Than, thus their silly souls deceiving,
 Run the sad risque of wrong believing :
 For, if they were without the altar,
 They'd go to th' devil helter skelter.
 Again he says, be reverence given
 To deacons, as to Christ in Heaven ;
 To bishops, as to God the father ;
 And to the presbyters together,
 As God's high sanhedrim, and college
 Of apostolic power, and knowledge :
 For, without these, no church can be,
 No congregation pure, and free
 From error, and impiety. }
 Just to such purposes, and uses,
 Saint *Irenæus* too deduces
 From the same origin, and source,
 The ministerial power, and force :
 He makes the bishops true succession
 The strongest argument, and lesson,
 Against the hereticks so vile,
 And schismaticks more wicked still :
 Moreover this same glorious martyr,
 Prov'd that lord bishops had their charter,
 Long before hereticks were heard of,
 Whom he would have the church quite clear'd of ;
 And,

And, further to defend the cause,
 An argument unanswer'd draws
 Against all such as innovated,
 And like our damn'd dissenters prated.
 St. *Clement's* doctrine is the same ;
 And *Cyprian* also, great in fame,
 Touches this point with so much beauty,
 That I could kiss his very shoe-tye.
Tertullian too, the topick using,
 Bids hereticks, the faith refusing,
 Produce a catalogue of their
 Succession from th' Apostle's chair :
 And *Origen*, whene'er he speaks
 Of governors of churches, makes
 Them very cleverly, indeed,
 Th' Apostles in their state succeed,
 'Tis what *Eusebius* also proves,
 And our belief most strongly moves :
 In short, the fathers, one and all,
 Or wise or silly, great or small,
 Or learn'd or ignorant, have join'd
 T'assert this doctrine to my mind :
 So that the thing which was at first
 A feeble child, their care has nurs'd,
 Till it can stand, and walk alone,
 And needs not bow, ev'n to a throne.
 Yea, what was once a silly stream,
 Enlarg'd in centuries, now, like *Thame*,
 Rolls strong, and, with its rapid force,
 Bears every thing along of course.

This point then we, I think, have gain'd,
 And all our adversaries brain'd :
 Episcopacy shines as clear,
 As does the sun i'th' hemisphere ;
 And with as certain marks of heaven,
 As if it were but one hour given.
 By virtue of our holy mission
 We therefore rise to good condition :

And

And priesthood, all at once, from night,
 Translates us into shining light;
 Lifts grov'ling sinners from the ground,
 And brings the great creator down.
 By blessing elements, it makes them
 All spiritual, grace: what's seen forsake 'em:
 That body giv'n for life o'th' world,
 About is, as it pleases hurl'd:
 And eke that blood, design'd to buy
 The souls of men from misery,
 The priesthood, by its power, disposes,
 Easy as you can blow your noses.
 O miracle, most strange and odd!
 O bounty of the great Lord God!
 That such transcendent power should be
 Giv'n to such wretched tools as we!
 The dullness then of not admiring,
 Is most amazing, and soul-firing.
 What shocking crime not to revere
 The character we Parsons bear!
 How stupid, how absurd the elves,
 Who boldly institute themselves!
 And think that any pow'r but God,
 Can men with such a sanction load?
 For tho' (as *Chrysostom* remarks,)
 The priesthood's manag'd by such sparks
 As we on earth, 'tis high esteem'd,
 And a celestial office deem'd:
 Nor angels, nor archangels power,
 Nor beings, how high soe'er their tower,
 That orders institution boast;
 'Twas founded by the Holy Ghost;
 For they, who first the gift receiv'd,
 Were told so, and of course believ'd,
 Your princes, kings, and such-like fellows,
 May send a body to the gallows;
 But priests alone, without controul,
 Can to the devil condemn the soul,

Our

Our power beyond the grave extended,
 Will triumph, ev'n when time is ended ;
 And what below we justly act,
 God ratifies above in fact ;
 And 'tis but fair he should stand to't,
 Who gave a licence first to do't.
 Then of all people they're the maddest,
 And certainly of dogs the saddest,
 Who or deny, or make a jest
 Of this same talent of the priest ;
 Without which there is no salvation,
 And mortals cannot 'scape damnation !
 For, if in heaven none has a seat,
 Till he be first regenerate ;
 If every sinner's surely curst,
 Who has not the communion first ;
 If 'tis by hands above our heads
 High-lifted, that all this succeeds,
 By us (my brethren) that 'tis done,
 That satan's bilk'd, and heaven is won ;
 Then how, in God's name, can dissenters,
 Even for their sins sincere repenters,
 Avoid damnation, or ascend
 To heaven, without our helping hand ?
 The keeping of the keys of heaven,
 And hell, and death, to us is given :
 The means, the ministrations, powers,
 The energies of grace are ours :
 Men are to Christ by us united,
 By us to worlds celestial lighted :
 Our acts of merit make the union,
 And bring them to the blest communion.

Thus having prov'd this point, the case is
 Plain as the noses on your faces :
 Next I'm, as was propos'd, to shew ye,
 That all mens opposition to ye
 Is wicked to the last degree,
 Which soon made evident shall be.

But,

But, e'er I stir a step, 'tis fit
 T' observe, for all I've offer'd yet,
 That ministerial power and mission
 Is null and void, but on condition
 That it, at least, a matter of fact is,
 Determin'd by th' Apostles practice,
 And th' universal church's course,
 Quite from their ages down to ours.

Th' Apostles practice is as plain
 As can be made in scripture strain:
Paul's past'ral lines to *Tim* and *Titus*,
 As if contriv'd on purpose, fit us:
 A scheme is there, at once, to guide
 Ourselves, and all our flock beside:
 And for the church, the thing is clear,
 From writings of the fathers dear:
 From canons, councils, many a one,
 Which history notes;—but I go on:
 Then if our craft cannot be duly
 Perform'd, and propagated truly,
 Unless, in course, one holy brother
 Shall constantly succeed another:
 If this has hitherto been done,
 (Tho' some folks sneer about Pope *Joan*;) If
 If these are guilty of a crime,
 Who to the trade ne'er serv'd a time,
 Yet for themselves set up the calling,
 And vend their ware with graceless bawling:
 If, without licence, they've been blam'd
 By us, and therefore should be damn'd:
 Then certain 'tis, that opposition
 To us, and our divine commission,
 Is also to religion made,
 A sinful breach upon our trade.

But further, if from due damnation
 Our Lord found means for mens salvation?
 If he has power of instituting,
 As is confess'd, without disputing?

If, lastly, he has a just right
 To our obedience? who dare slight;
 Deny, oppose, prophane his laws,
 Or turn a different way the cause?
 Again, if 'tis the highest treason
 T' oppose his doctrine; there's good reason
 His institutions to receive:
 Alike we should them both believe.
 Sure these deserve as well as those:
 Opposing one, we both oppose.
 If this is not to be observ'd,
 From t'other, men have rightly swerv'd.
 'Twould puzzle casuists to determine,
 Upon what grounds dissenting vermine
 Should to the one submit indeed,
 And leave the other out of their creed.

But, in one word, to clinch the nail,
 (For I'm resolv'd I will prevail;)
 If heaven, as none here will dispute it,
 Has our vocation instituted,
 Then woe, for ever and a day,
 Betide him who shall disobey
 Our will, in any case made known,
 Or dare to call his soul his own,
 Think for himself upon occasion,
 Or once attempt his own salvation.

The last observable comes next,
 Akin like t'others to the text:
 That he, vile wretch, can ne'er be pardon'd,
 Who in affronting us is harden'd.

Of all the spiteful things which have
 Been us'd to make us fret and rave,
 Nothing, no, not ev'n paganism,
 Has plagu'd us half so much as schism;
 A sin that's of a dye as black;
 As is the gown upon my back;
 And so have thought the greatest sages,
 Of all opinions, in all ages.

Schism!

Schism! heav'ns defend us! by what names
 She's call'd by every one who blames
 Her folly, (ev'n by the vile elves,
 Most guilty of the crime themselves?)
 Confusion's dame! and atheism's nurse!
 Inlet of Pop'ry! errors source!
 And fifty other titles more,
 As bad as common bitch and whore:
 Yet all the while could ne'er agree
 What this confounded schism should be:
 Not dreaming that 'twas nought, in troth,
 But disaffection to our cloth.
 Read *Cyprian*, *Irenæus* o'er,
 And *Cbrystom*, all nam'd before,
 Who damn the thing with one accord,
 And justly too, upon my word.
 I can't omit a good old practice,
 Which, I assure ye matter of fact is:
 When any one of schism suspected,
 To be church-warden was elected,
 Horse and away, full speed to court,
 The parson rides, to make report:
 If with the prince he can prevail
 To turn the warden out, all's well;
 If not, 'tis much at one;—the bishop
 Prohibits him the use of his shop.

To prove that schism's a sin most dreadful,
 Of arguments I have my head full:
 But one at present may suffice,
 Which more than all the rest I prize;
 That since 'tis opposite to the spirit
 O'th' gospel, and the church's merit:
 Since, and as long as we're true blue,
 Heav'n authoriz'd, and perfect too,
 He that our pleasure disobeys,
 Or to our cloth no homage pays,
 Is envious, proud, and insolent;
 And if he don't forthwith repent,

D

But

But obstinate remains, by Heaven,
He cannot, shall not, be forgiven.

The time for these harangues allow'd,
Will not permit me now to crowd
In every sham-sham fly pretence
Of schismatics in their defence.
Howe'er, your patience I implore,
To tell what you may've heard before ;
How the eternal laws of nature
Can't be revers'd by human creature ;
And what's immutable in frame,
Will, thro' all ages, run the same :
Truth will be truth, and error error,
In spite of sophistry or terror ;
And no smooth magick of the tongue,
Can change the modes of right and wrong.

If so, 'tis plain as A, B, C,
However schismatics agree,
T'evade the charge of guilt enormous,
Or claw off crimes, or parties form us,
That no one act or declaration,
However publish'd thro' a nation,
Can arrant schism church-union make,
Or union part with schism to take ;
Nor all the force of human powers
Make these be only things of course.
As for the specious plea of conscience,
'Bout which we've lately heard such nonsense,
It ought, I think, howe'er outrageous,
To truckle to the sacred pages,
Which, against schisms and separations,
Have thunder'd loudest execrations.

But this you're nicely to observe,
Howe'er from other points you swerve,
The church must never be unhing'd,
Nor her immunities infring'd,
For constitutional crack or flaw,
Or crimes in pastors high and low :

No,

No, the profession's good and grave,
 Tho' each professor were a knave;
 And its great use would recommend it,
 Should priests abuse, and factions rend it.
 Among the twelve a *Judas* crept,
 And the church's holy treasure kept:
Paulus once fill'd a bishop's chair,
 And *Arrius* was a presbyter:
 Wherefore 'tis monstrous to determine
 The power the worse for such church vermine,
 Must men no government obey,
 Where'er corruption has born sway?
 Must they, 'cause churches have been known
 Tainted with error, close with none?
 Must they all monarchs be afraid of,
 Because some tyrants they have read of?
 Or quit episcopacy's cause,
 For being upheld by human laws?
 Episcop'cy, which is alone,
 Religion's firm foundation-stone;
 Its trusty pillar, and the great,
 If not chief bulwark of the state;
 Which gives the sec'lar power assistance;
 And keeps invaders at a distance;
 Because some prelates have been known
 A shame and scandal to the lawn.

When such false reas'ning once takes place,
 All government of course must cease;
 Church polity confess decay,
 And each establishment give way:
 Men may desert religion's cause,
 In spite of ties from human laws;
 Set up for athiests, vex the nation,
 And sap the church and state's foundation.

But know, the spir'tual powers that be,
 Receive their ord'nance from on high;
 And that t'oppose their rights is even
 To raise rebellion against heaven;

Their just authority to question,
 Is Christ's own property to lessen ;
 And from the soul's inherent worth
 There's demonstration to set forth,
 That we must higher duties owe
 To church decrees than those which flow
 From parents, kindred, friends, or law.

Altar with altar must not war,
 And a new priesthood who can bear?
 And tho' another revelation
 Might suit some sticklers of this nation,
 Yet tho' 'twould serve true virtue's cause,
 It never now could meet applause:
 Besides, the case is really shocking
 Of those who go by droves a-flocking,
 To worship Christ, but mock the deity,
 In spite of all their mask of piety.

God's not so lavish to dispense
 His supernatural influence
 On those whose earth-born pride refuse it:
 Or not for true religion use it,
 His revelation's so compleat,
 As no improvements to admit ;
 And all his laws so fix'd and true,
 As no amendments to allow.
 Whatever, therefore, human art,
 Or int'rest, zeal, or power, impart,
 To abrogate, new-mould, or range,
 Or in the priesthood work a change ;
 To violate, disturb, confound,
 God's institutions so profound ;
 To sap, subvert, or overthrow,
 Th' essence of Christ's eternal law ;
 'Tis sacrilege, 'tis gross idolatry,
 And th' highest pitch of impious jollitry.

Pastors

Pastors thus arrogant and vain,
 Who notions her'odox maintain;
 That self-originated fry
 May feign credentials from on high;
 But, wanting true ones, boldly dare
 Prophane the sacred character.
 Upon God's publick work they fall,
 And preach without a publick call:
 His holy rites unlicens'd rifle,
 With blackest crimes undaunted trifle;
 Their Saviour crucify a-new,
 And in his blood their hands embrue:
 These restless troublers ever chuse
 The heedless people to seduce:
 They rove about with envious joy,
 And souls infallibly destroy:
 These root up order, morals shock,
 Confound the shepherd with his flock:
 Seize heav'n's broad seal with hands impure,
 And to all guilt themselves inure:
 Like *Sampson* blind, their strength exert,
 Our constitution to subvert;
 And, in a *Phaetonick* ire,
 With ignorance and *face* conspire
 To set the spiritual world on fire.

Teachers, thus insolent and brazen,
 With their blind hearers, would amaze one:
 Ev'n charity, that heaven-born damsel,
 Which draws a veil before each man's ill,
 No sooner ey'd the graceless pack,
 But strait she startled and shrunk back.
 In vain, alas! for such abuses,
 She strives to hammer out excuses;
 Cudgels her brains, new reasons puts out,
 And scolds and raves, and frets her guts out,
 To find, heav'n won't the power impart her,
 T' allow these wretches half the quarter,

As *Origen* was once so civil
 To grant their ghostly fire the devil,
 Who vainly thought he still might change all
 His sooty robes, and be an angel.

What you've just heard of this vile train
 Might ampler confirmation gain,
 Should I but shew th' Almighty's care
 Of his own institutions rare;
 And how he pours due vengeance down
 On every bold invader's crown:
 How *Saul* soon lost his sov'reign awe,
 When on the church he laid his paw:
 How *Jeroboam's* royal house
 Was stripp'd, and left not worth a louse,
 'Cause he sent *Levi's* sons a-grazing,
 And worshipp'd calves of his own raising:
 How *Uzzah*, of less power possess'd,
 Than any modern parish-priest,
 Was struck stone-dead, and backward tumbld
 For touching th' ark when the oxon stumbl'd:
 How when schismatick *Corah* swore,
 He'd turn God's chosen out of door,
 Th' earth op'd her mouth with such a yawn,
 As swallow'd up the rebel spawn.

Nothing's so fraught with dread and dangers
 As for these bold intruding strangers,
 To grasp a power which ne'er was meant them,
 And preach the word, tho' God ne'er sent them,
 A scanty cloak and narrow sleeve
 May, for a while, the world deceive;
 But whate'er course such varlets take here,
 They ne'er can over-reach their maker.
 Envoys so false will be detected,
 And their pretended powers rejected.

What I've just said on that behalf,
 Makes it as plain as a pike-staff,
 That there's a difference, high and mighty,
 Between the clergy and the laity,

That

That all ar' n't fit to serve a cure,
 All ha' n't the like dispensing power:
 And that this honour none can share on,
 Unless call'd to't by God, like *Aaron*.
 Christ has some off'cers then deputed,
 With an authority undoubted,
 To teach, to govern, to correct,
 And in his church, preserve respect,
 External polity secure,
 And to strict discipline inure.

If he commands down-right submission
 From men, as due to his commission,
 The same is owing, he declares,
 To's vicars, on account of theirs;
 For their commissions, sirs, and his art
 As like each other, as two peas are.

But, after all, however high,
 Rigid, or stiff, our notions be,
 Of a true mission from heav'n sent,
 Or absolute church-government;
 Tho' no authority we own,
 But what's convey'd beneath a gown;
 Tho' we deny that church as true,
 Where'er it be, whose ruling crew
 Of their succession stand in doubt,
 And can't a constant train make out;
 Tho' we all offices deem nought,
 Unless by priests commission'd wrought;
 Ev'n the bold *Kirk's* presumptuous plea;
 And fly *Geneva's* palm'd decree;
 With the pretended moderation
 Of those who boast of reformation:
 Yet when a fit occasion calls
 (Real and true, not feign'd and false)
 We would not willingly pronounce
 Our dreadful doom, and damn at once,
 Those men as sacrilegious each,
 Who Christ, tho' uncommission'd, preach:

In pity to their hapless fate
 With due regard to their sad state ;
 We don't to gloomy realms confine,
 Nor to eternal wrath assign ;
 They're in a gracious maker's hands,
 Who earth, and air, and sea, commands ;
 We therefore to their angels leave them,
 And the indulgent care of Heaven.

*Now for a cargo of directions,
 And on the doctrine due reflections.*

Since God, by Christ, has made secure,
 An holy church, a priesthood pure,
 And for the noblest ends and best, firs,
 Dispatch'd apostles, prophets, pastors,
 The sacred function to discharge,
 And to convert the world at large.
 Since this, and only this, we deem
 Intended by the gospel scheme :
 Our highest duty 'tis indeed,
 To force this article of our creed ;
 To guard, with zeal, this treasure rare,
 By heaven committed to our care ;
 The loss of which would prove our ruin,
 And be the church's clean undoing.
 For could our daring foes persuade
 Men, that our function's a meer trade ;
 That gospel institution's nothing
 But a device for food and cloathing ;
 That th' regular establishment
 Of priests, and priestly government,
 Are but some needy parson's dreams,
 Or haughty prelate's artful schemes ;
 T' assure them next they'd have the vanity,
 That all the doctrines of christianity,
 With each religious institution,
 Confession, penance, absolution,

Their

Their bastard origin derive
 From the same cloth's prolific hive;
 This impious prejudice, and grievous,
 Is the foundation, sirs, believe us
 Of mother church's grunts and throws,
 And the grand source from whence now flows
 All the profaneness of this nation,
 And th' infidelity in fashion.

Should this wild hotch-potch once take place,
 Then farewell order, faith, and grace;
 Virtue and loyalty must fly,
 And morals and religion die.
 Nothing for us would then remain,
 But secretly to mourn, in vain,
 The mighty flood of anarchy,
 Which would relentless sweep away,
 With endless rage, and desolation,
 A hapless church and senseless nation.
 Lord, how the beauty of our Sion
 Would fade, and her the town look shy on!
 No more her priests, so true and trusty,
 Shew ruby faces, and limbs lusty:
 Her friends no longer would rejoice
 And sing tan-terra-rara boys.

But now, to stop this growing evil,
 Broach'd by the malice of the devil,
 We must be link-boys to the nation
 Amidst a crooked generation:
 As honest too as e'er we can,
 And zealous to shake off th'old man,
 Give no offence to any creature,
 But hide all symptoms of ill nature,
 T'avert the pois'nous darts and daggers,
 Of these lewd impudent rhyme-taggers,
 We ought, I say, t'adorn humanity,
 With all the graces of christianity.

To make a clergy-man compleat,
 Lo! here's an excellent receipt:

E

Take

Take but one grain of wit, and mix
 With twenty *Machiavelian* tricks,
 Of genteel airs as many more,
 And Greek and Latin scraps twelve score;
 Christian, and philosophic knowledge,
 Prepar'd by masters of the college;
 From fathers, school-men, councils, canons,
 Our holy church's chief companions;
 Add *ana quantam satis*, that
 No one thing may predominate.
 Those mix'd *f. a.* will make a priest
 Firm reason proof — *probatum est*.

All these ingredients there must be
 To form such heavenly guides as we —
 And need enough, for lack-a-day!
 Whatever men, or do, or say,
 Their wishes, passions, and affections,
 Of course come under our inspections.
 How hard a part have we to act?
 Our conduct should be how exact?

We must not think to treat the Bible
 With as small rev'rence as a libel;
 Let us join caution with temerity,
 And mingle meekness with severity;
 Censure, correct, and in a trice,
 Transition make to good advice,
 Whether 'tis in or out of season,
 Without regard to carnal reason:
 We must not prophecy smooth things,
 To ease the great of sacred stings;
 Nor to the sinful soul o'th' mighty,
 When going a dark road, say, *good night t'ye*:
 At things like those we ought to stick,
 Ev'n when w'expect a bishoprick.
 Our business 'tis to watch mens waters,
 Especially in spiritual matters;
 For if they drink, or swear, or whore,
 'Tis all set up to th'parson's score.

Are we not with full powers endow'd,
To feed the flock with heavenly food?
And, as we're got in a good way for't,
Let's do our duty—if they pay for't.

Whether we live in peace and quiet,
Or make a mob, and breed a riot,
Whether we lie awake or sleep,
If fast or festival we keep,
Or whate'er else our minds are strong to,
Let all perceive whom we belong to.

Brethren exert your christian patience,
Amidst the greatest tribulations;
Let sinful men to nothing urge ye,
That's unbecoming of the clergy:
Let no reproach you don't deserve
Oblige you from this course to swerve;
But take it as a mighty favour,
To be mal-treated, like our Saviour;
And, as christianity professors,
Pray heartily for your oppressors.

For all the jobbs you do the lord,
Take this to be a full reward,
That those who trespass on our borders,
And would deprive us of our orders,
Are those who, in a manner odd, did
Strive to rob Jesus of his Godhead.

But now to come to the conclusion,
Let all the storms of persecution
Rage vi'lent, floods of heresy swell,
And all the artillery of hell,
Viz. irreligion, faction, schism,
And forty names that end with ---ism,
Against our ministry be play'd,
Yet need we never be afraid;
But resolutely keep our place,
And stand the brunt, with heart o' grace;
We'll arm ourselves with this opinion,
Which keeps unshaken our dominion,

Plato and Socrates we fools;
 And all the students of old schools;
 Who ne'er in faith with us agreed;
 For all wise men have but one creed;
 No man is excellent to perfection,
 But he who follows our direction;
 Nor can he be religion's friend,
 Who perseveres not to the end—
 Which heav'n grant each of us may do,
 For his own sake, and God's sake too.

E N I S

4 AP 62

Speedily will be Published,

HOrace's ART of POETRY Spiritualiz'd:
 Or, The ART of PRIEST-CRAFT.
 To which will be perfix'd, A Curious Print of a
 certain Orator, as described in the *Dunciad*.

*Imbrow'd with native Bronze, lo HENLY stands
 Tuning his Voice, and ballancing his Hands;
 How fluent Nonsense trickles from his Tongue!
 How sweet the Periods neither said nor sung!*

DUNCIAD